

## GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - COPYRIGHT 2024

## 他们希望我们忘记的愿景 2

## "THE VISION THEY WANT US TO FORGET"

## **EPISODE TWO:**

"LOST IN THE BURMESE CIVIL WAR"







In our previous discussion, we delved into the distressing reality of our art, history, and culture being targeted for destruction.

Our previous existence has vanished, bringing joy to the social warriors of Ahriman's Great Social Reset.

I believe they are simply the







rebirth of the First Emperor's enthusiastic followers, aiding in the destruction of our civilization's first great libraries and cultural hubs.

Although Ahriman and his army of anonymous bureaucrats and socialist number-crunchers cannot be directly held





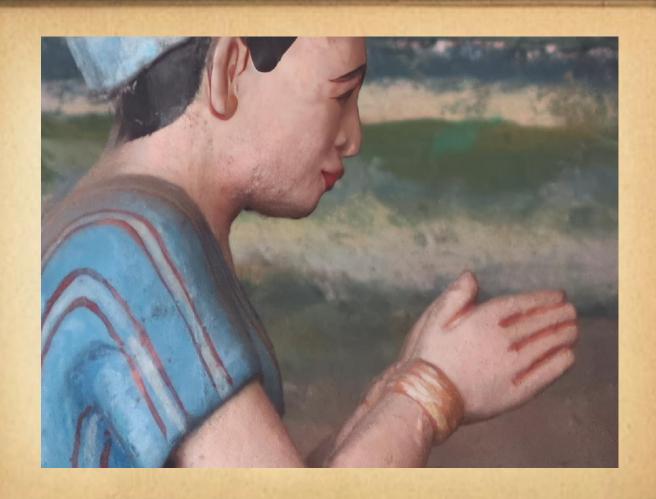


responsible for the heartbreaking disappearance of these precious Burmese Folk Art Carvings, I firmly believe that if they were aware, they would have eagerly brought marshmallows to toast over the remnants of this Folk Art.

It is said that they were truly







lost due to an unfortunate incident involving a misguided bomb (or at least that's what they say).

This incident occurred at the ancient temple nestled in the countryside, where these precious artifacts had been proudly showcased for a century.







The demise of these structures signifies the loss of a captivating vision, one that portrayed a serene and harmonious era that prevailed in this land well before the arrival of the East Indian Tea Company and its ruthless armed forces, who embarked on their futile mission to reshape and







fabricate an imaginary replica of the English Midlands.

I want to make it clear that I'm not suggesting the bombing was orchestrated by the East Indian Tea Company Business Office, or that the bombs were labeled "Made in England" (since nothing is actually made in England nowadays).







My point is to emphasize that the spirit of freedom persisted even after centuries of oppression, and these wood carvings serve as a testament to that enduring spirit.

In the pitch-black darkness of a moonless night, the colonials made a swift exit from town,







leaving behind nothing of value that could be easily carried or pried loose.

The sacred temple where these treasures were kept was reportedly struck by a stray bomb during the ongoing civil conflict.

Recently, I got a message from







the elderly monk who looked after these treasures, inquiring about the photographs I captured six years back.

He mentioned their plan to enlarge these photos into posters and utilize them as visual aids to depict what had been lost. The elderly monk complained







"It's unfortunate that only a handful of youngsters possess the ability to recreate such masterpieces nowadays."

Pause with me and reflect on what is war worth even if it is civil?

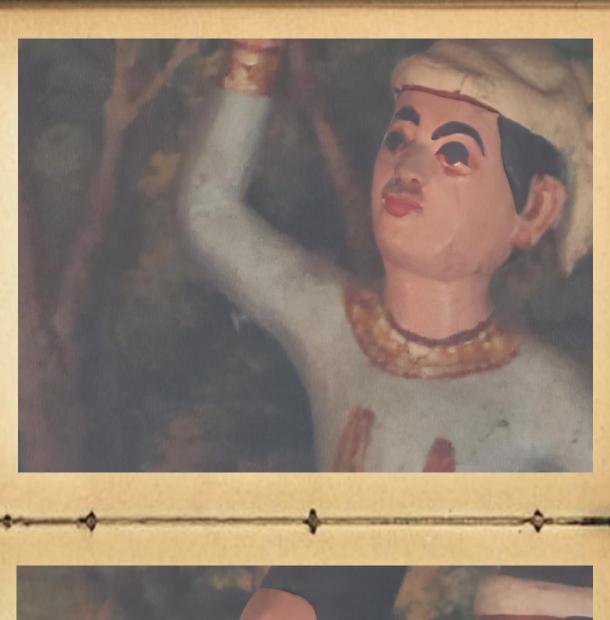
- Emil 2024

















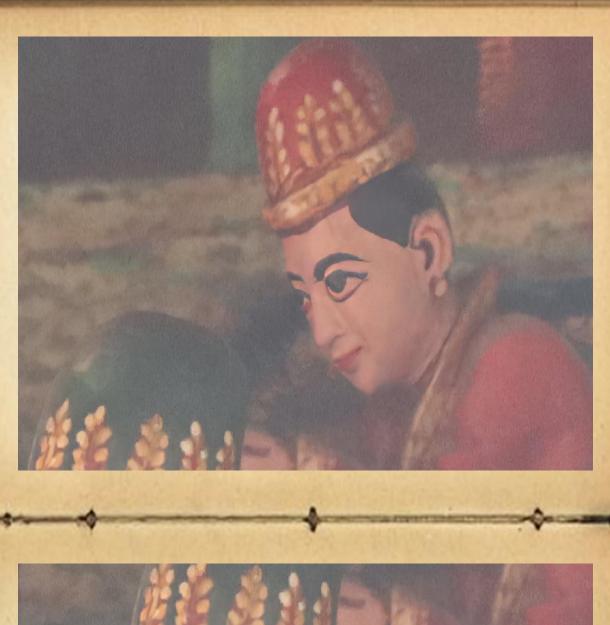






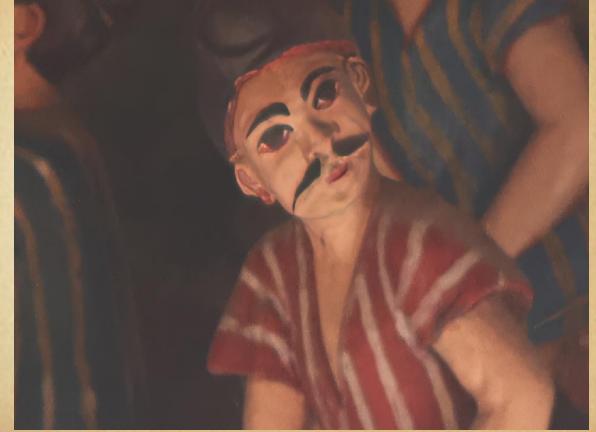
































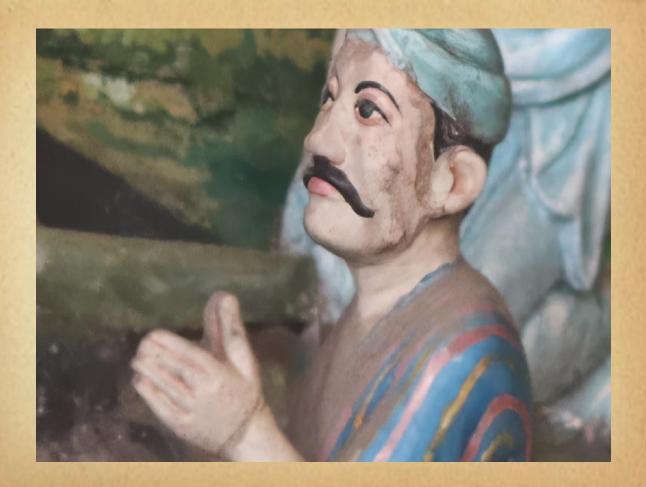


















































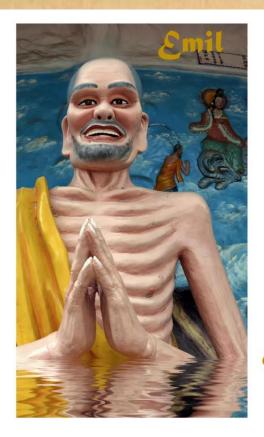












## "HOW DEEP IS THE WATER, BROTHER JOHN?"

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - COPYRIGHT 2024





## NEVER SAW IT COMING

"Preparing For Ahriman's Great Social Reset"

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY